Love Is a Dangerous Game by BOOMHILDA

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Drama, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Max M., Mike W.
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2019-11-12 14:36:12
Updated: 2019-11-19 03:20:19
Packaged: 2019-12-12 14:54:54
Rating: M
Chapters: 2
Words: 8,162
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: It's the year 1992. Jane Hopper is a socially awkward young maid with childhood trauma who's going through hard times financially as she visits a mansion on a hot summer day to do her routine cleaning service. Mike Wheeler is a lonely and mysterious billionaire who falls for Jane the moment he sees her. Jane is excited to live a new lifestyle of wealth and prosperity with Mike...

1. Mr Wheeler

Jane Hopper was a maid for a local house cleaning service in Indiana. She had been working there for two years since she graduated high school, but her life wasn't that simple. Jane was born in a troubled environment. She got stolen from her mother by the head of the CIA as they performed MK ultra experiments on humans, and she happened to be one of the humans to be tested on.

Jim Hopper, the chief of Hawkins police, found out about the experiments going on in his town and smartly exposed the CIA with video and audio recordings as he sent the evidence to the mainstream media. It was one of the biggest stories of the decade and Hopper ended up adopting Jane and giving her his last name. Before Hopper came along, her name was Eleven, as if she were a lab rat. Hopper settled down with a woman named Joyce who he had good times with in high school.

Their family was odd as Hopper had an adopted daughter and Joyce had her son named Will. Jane spent almost two years learning from books before she was forced into Hawkins High School. It was tough but she eventually graduated as Joyce and Hopper got married during her Sophomore year. She usually never drove out this far which made her wonder why a wealthy person would call a random house cleaning service.

She entered through a big gate that only opened from guards nearby who unlocked it and waited for her to drive through before closing it. She wondered why they just let her in without asking who she was, but then she remembered the name of her service on her van and assumed they were probably told ahead of time.

The driveway was longer than expected, the concrete seemingly never-ending but eventually did. Jane parked her van in front of the mansion and got all her cleaning tools together before walking up to the front door.

The mansion color was white and the roof was black. The mansion was so big, it took seven upper-class houses in Hawkins to get close to matching it. It looked too nice for her to be there as she didn't feel

she fit in with the environment.

She didn't have to wait long for the door to open as she was greeted by a man with long, dark brown hair that covered his entire forehead. He wore an expensive black suit which made Jane's blue denim jeans and a pink shirt look cheap and silly in contrast.

His smile made her weak and she couldn't figure out why. Jane had a short hairstyle that men would typically have, but it just made her more pretty, at least that's what her best friend Max said. It covered most of her forehead and made her look almost emo if she wasn't such an innocent-looking girl. The hairstyle made her stand out and she's kept her hair like that since high school when guys were complimenting her.

She looked up at him to make eye contact. height was 6"3, almost an entire foot taller than Jane who was 5"4. She seemed flustered from his eyes, wanting to speak but not having a clue what to say.

"Hey, you must be the maid!" The man said.

"Um. Yes. I am the maid. Jane," Jane said as she nervously giggled.

"I'm Mike, Mike Wheeler."

"Hi, Mike Wheeler."

Mike shook his head and chuckled at how innocent she seemed.

"Please, call me Mike…"

"OK. Mike."

There was a moment where they smiled at each other for way too long. Mike caught wind of it.

"Uh, you wanna come inside? Here, let me help you with this," Mike said, attempting to help her carry all her cleaning tools.

Jane refused his help and walked into the mansion.

"I got it. Thanks though."

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

Mike went upstairs when Jane started cleaning the kitchen. She cleaned and vacuumed several rooms before she realized two hours went by and she wasn't close to done. She sighed to herself and decided to sit on his couch for a small break.

She heard Mike's footsteps as he came down the stairs.

"How we doing?" Mike shouted, making his way down to the first floor.

"Good, I guess. There's a lot of rooms. This could take me the entire day!" Jane said and giggled, although she wanted to break down and cry on the inside.

"Why don't we call it a day. You've worked hard, I can see it on your face."

"Really?"

"Yep. Here's $300."

Jane stood up in excitement as she walked up to Mike for her money, but he quickly put it back in his pocket when she reached for it.

"But first, let me give you a tour of the place."

He devilishly smirked at her. She kept smiling, not wanting to show her annoyance with him

"OK."

She followed Mike inside each room, being more and more amazed by the things he had. Multiple bathrooms, bedrooms, kitchens, living rooms, a big below ground pool, a basketball court, an arcade room, and much more.

He showed her upstairs which consisted of more of the same, then she followed him into his bedroom and her jaw dropped. Mike's

bedroom was bigger than Joyce's old home. He had a couch on the side of the room, a 57 inch big screen TV, a bed that literally looked like something a king would sleep in, dressers, desks, a Super Nintendo Entertainment System, a refrigerator and microwave, posters on his wall of famous actors from various 80s movies that were signed by the actors themselves, and he had a mini basketball hoop on his door along with a tiny ball to throw it into.

"And this is my bedroom."

"No way…"

"What?"

"This is your bedroom? This is insane! This whole place is amazing! Holy shit! I'm sorry for cursing!" Jane said with excitement.

Mike laughed at her.

"It's all right. You're cute when you cuss."

She blushed again, awkwardly turning her head away from him and to his bed.

"You can lay down if you want?"

"What? No, I could never-"

"Please, lay down, it's comfy and you deserve some rest before you go."

She felt unsure about it. It did seem to be a comfy bed with lots of room though, and now that she thought about it, she needed a little rest.

"OK. If you say so."

Jane giggled as she climbed into his bed, trying to find a nice position to rest. She found the sweet spot on her side as her head moved around one of his many pillows for more comfort.

Mike watched as the innocent girl made herself at home and couldn't

help himself. He couldn't handle how hot Jane was even though he tried controlling himself in front of the beautiful girl.

"Mind if I join?"

"Uh. Sure."

His control faded away and he found himself getting in bed behind her as he matched her position. There was still some separation between the two but Mike slowly slid closer to an unsuspecting Jane.

She didn't want to think anything of it but being in a wealthy man's mansion and laying in his bed as he joined in beside her started to feel a bit odd. Still, she tried not thinking about it. He was probably being friendly and weird.

Then she saw his arm wrap around her waist and internally panicked as she felt his body on the back of hers. Mike applied tender kisses to Jane's neck.

"Mike. Please don't-"

She should've stopped him and got up at that moment, but she didn't. She found herself hypnotized by his lips on her skin, closing her eyes and shamefully letting it happen.

Mike could've kept kissing Jane's neck all day and she would let him, but he decided to go further. Using nothing but pure strength and lust, he unbuttoned her pants with one hand and dug into her panties and started rubbing her pussy.

Her eyes opened wide when his hand roamed in her lower region. She was unfamiliar with sex in general, never even kissing a boy, yet she was letting this rich man use her body like nothing.

Jane had more strength than she knew. She pulled his arm off of her and got out of bed in a panic.

Jane's heart beat fast as she looked at Mike, wanting to scream at him for his advances but also wanting to forgive him because of his sweet puppy dog eyes staring up at hers.

"No!" Jane shouted.

She couldn't get over his eyes carefully staring her down, looking sincerely apologetic.

"I'm so sorry, Jane-"

"Give me my money. I'm going."

Mike sighed in defeat and stood up, pulling a bunch of one hundred dollar bills out of his pocket. He handed the money to her, wondering what got into him.

She puffed at him and headed out of his room and downstairs to the first floor. Mike had a change of heart and followed Jane before stopping her from leaving through the door.

His hand touched her shoulder and she quickly swiped it away and turned around to meet his beautiful eyes again. She felt terrible for getting enjoyment from looking at him but his hotness was undeniable.

"Don't touch me, asshole!"

"Jane. I'm sorry. I lost control. I just…. I…."

"You what? You invite me into your bedroom like some creep and then fucking kiss me without my permission before….. UGH! Why am I still talking to you? You're a pig!"

"I'm sorry, okay?! I shouldn't have done that but you seemed to be enjoying it!"

Jane slapped Mike's cheek hard, making him reevaluate what he said. He nodded his head, understanding he deserved it.

"Okay."

"I'm going now."

He just couldn't let her go. He had to stop her again and tell her the truth or else he'd regret it for the rest of his life. He grabbed her arm

and she turned around again. She could've just ignored him and left but something inside kept telling her to listen to him.

"What?!"

Mike looked shy for the first time since he met Jane a couple of hours ago. She sensed something was off about his demeanor which made her more intrigued at what he had to say.

"It's just that when I called, I told them to send the prettiest girl they had. And then they sent you… and I was not disappointed."

Mike shook his head and smirked at Jane who only got more confused.

"So what? Do you think I'm pretty? Wow." Jane said in a sarcastic tone.

"Before today, there wasn't a particular time where I stared at a girl and thought she was the prettiest girl ever. And then I laid my eyes on you…"

Jane crossed her arms as she called herself crazy in her head for even considering that he was telling the truth. He did have a way with words and how he delivered them while gazing into her eyes.

"Do you um, you want to make some money?"

"What?"

"You made $300 today. You can walk out of here now and continue you on with your life, or you can make a lot more money…"

The offer was enticing. It was strange how forward he was being but it only made her more curious.

"What do I have to do?"

"Come back to my room… and… and… get naked for me…"

Her face started turning red, she wanted to leave, but her heart kept telling her to stay and she hated that he had this effect on her.

"Fuck you."

"No sex, I swear. I just wanna see you naked…"

"Forget it…"

She turned around and opened the door, getting ready to walk out.

"$5,000."

She froze in shock, gulping hard as she slowly turned her head around to see him.

"$5,000? Just to see me naked?"

"Yes."

Mike's eyes never lied to her. He was being sincere.

Jane knew Mike was rich and how $5,000 was probably nothing to him.

Times were tough for her money-wise as she worked all day to make ends meet. $5,000 would make her life easier for a while. And Mike wasn't the worst guy in the world to get naked in front of.

"Um. Okay. I'm just gonna get naked and that's it?"

"Yes. Please, I need to see you…"

She realized how weak she truly was for Mike. Her dignity went out the window for him.

"Okay…"

She followed Mike upstairs to his room. He pulled up a chair and sat down. Jane stood in front of him, scared and shy for multiple reasons. She's about to get naked for money like some whore, but it was a lot of money. In the very back of her head, she thought about Mike not liking her exposed body and that made her more insecure.

She slowly took off her shirt, revealing her black bra which showed her cleavage perfectly. She took her jeans off next which showed her

black thong.

"Wow."

Mike was in awe of her feet as she took off her shoes and socks. He didn't have a foot fetish but every part of her body captured his attention like no other. The skin on her legs shined, her petite figure made Mike fantasize about what he could do to make her his and his only.

His lust-filled smile vanished once he saw Jane stalling. She couldn't believe she was going through with it. She felt ashamed. Hopper would never have approved of this since he always taught her that hard work gets you far, but Mike was hot and his money had temporarily bought her soul. She just needed to get it over with.

"Sorry," Jane mumbled.

"It's all right. Take your time."

Jane was glad Mike understood. It made her comfortable enough to continue. She reached for the clasps to her bra. Her nerves were out of control as she looked at Mike while unhooking her bra so she turned her back to him before taking off the bra.

She shyly slid her thong down her legs and past her feet as it hit the floor. Now fully naked, Mike could see her fit ass. She knew he was expecting her to turn around so she slowly did. She did a 180 and met Mike's eyes, sighing embarrassingly at how he could be disgusted with her appearance.

Mike felt butterflies in his stomach for the first time in a long time. Her body was nothing like the girls in porn who had fake tits, she was a natural.

Mike first looked to her C cups tits, then moved down to her shaved pussy, and looked even lower to her sexually appealing legs. She was one in a billion, a goddess. He wanted to get on his knees and give her the pleasure she deserved but he refrained.

"Wow."

"Wow?"

"You look… perfect…"

Jane blushed while looking down at the floor. Mike realized he wasn't even trying to hide how flustered he was and tried to not look starstruck. Jane did the same and tried to play it off like nothing.

"Perfect? Yeah, right…"

Mike stood up and looked down at Jane, appreciating her face even more now that she was naked.

"You are."

She got so lost in his eyes that it almost made her forget why she was getting naked.

"Uh, money?"

"Yeah. Yeah, money. One second."

Mike walked out of his room, leaving Jane alone, naked, and waiting. She started to panic, wondering if he was going to come back with a gun and kill her now. It only made sense.

She watched too many mob movies.

Mike went into his office room and grabbed a briefcase filled with one hundred dollar bills that added up to $1,000,000. He walked back into the room with his briefcase in hand and placed it down on a table. He opened it up, counted up to $5,000, stacked it on the table and closed the briefcase before looking at Jane.

"There."

She was in disbelief at first as she walked up to the stacks of cash displayed for her. She picked up one stack, carefully analyzing the money. She had never seen so much money just sitting on a table, and it was all for her.

"T-Thanks."

Mike sighed with disappointment, not wanting to let her go.

"Do you… wanna make more?" Mike asked shyly.

"W-what? More? More money?"

"Yeah…"

"What… Um. What do you want me to do?" Jane cautiously asked.

Mike chuckled, feeling awkward.

"I don't want you to do anything. I want to pleasure you…"

Jane knew where he was going and didn't have enough strength to say no. He had her in the palm of his hand.

"I want to… go down on you."

"I - I - I"

She tried responding normally but the thoughts didn't turn into words, she stuttered like an idiot. He cut her off to save her from the embarrassment.

"I'll give you $50,000. I want to taste your pretty pussy and I won't allow you to go until I do."

Mike sounded possessed by lust. His words turned Jane on as she began to feel things down there. Saying no was out of the question. If Jane could think she would try negotiating him but she wasn't, so she nodded her head yes.

"Get in bed."

She climbed into his bed again and lay down in the middle. Mike still had his suit on while he climbed into bed and got on his knees. She spread her legs apart so Mike could get a better look at her slit. He wasted no time diving his head into her pussy, licking it savagely as she held her legs up in the air. Mike refused to use his hands as his tongue went to work on her sensitive hole. He was persistent, never taking a break, wanting to make sure she came. It was very easy to

get her off since she was inexperienced, and his tongue made her feel good that she rolled her eyes in the back of her head. Once his puppy dog eyes made eye contact with her as he licked her cunt, she came instantly.

Mike could tell when a woman was orgasming. He moved up on top of Jane and passionately kissed her as she finished cumming. She didn't even think about it as she let him give her smooches. He surprised her by sliding his tongue in her mouth and she experimented with french kissing also. It was her first kiss so she wasn't the best.

Once she came back down to reality from her orgasm, she saw that he was smirking as he rubbed her chin with his thumb.

"I want to fuck you. $100,000. That's added to the $55,000 you already have. Whaddya say?"

This was one of the biggest decisions in her entire life. She was being a whore. A whore for some rich boy she didn't even know.

"I'm a virgin. I…"

Mike silenced Jane as his lips made contact with hers.

"My cock wants you. I want to feel your insides around my cock. You can't deny me now. Please?"

She gulped in fear of what she was about to say. His words rang true. She couldn't deny him now.

"Okay."

"I wanna hear you say it…"

"Please… please fuck me, Mike."

"From now until you leave, you're gonna call me Mr. Wheeler like a good slut. Understand?"

She wanted to feel ashamed and disgusted but her pussy betrayed her, getting wet from his dirty talk.

"Yes, Mr. Wheeler."

"Good girl."

Mike got out of bed, undressed until he was fully naked, making Jane's jaw drop at his six-pack. He had a gym in his mansion and it was obvious he worked out every day. His muscles were toned and he was fit. Then she looked down from his six-pack and found his huge erect cock pointing at her.

His nine-inch member scared her. She thought there was no way it was going to fit. His beautiful face deceived her from the rest of his body. Everything about him was manly and it made her cunt wet as fuck.

"Holy shit, "Jane mumbled.

Mike grabbed a cassette tape and put it in a boombox, hitting play and turning up the volume to where it was loud but not ear bleeding.

"My parents used to play this song all the time when I was a little boy…"

The music made her more nervous as he casually put on a condom and got back in bed.

You ask me if there'll come a time

When I grow tired of you

Never my love

Never my love

He leaned down to whisper in her ear.

"I'm just letting you know, I'm not taking it easy. You're gonna fucking bleed when I break your hymen and you're gonna take it. Understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Wheeler."

You wonder if this heart of mine

Will lose its desire for you

Never my love

Never my love

Mike's cock found her hole and he slid the tip in.

"So fucking wet for my cock. Fucking whore."

His demeaning words turned her on more although it went against the tone of the song. She fucking hated it.

He slowly slid his entire cock into her pussy, making Jane have a natural reaction.

"Ahh!! Ahh!! Hurts!"

"That's cute."

What makes you think love will end

When you know that my whole life depends

On you

As soon as Mike felt comfortable inside of her, he stopped holding back and started brutally pounding her wet cunt.

"AHHHH!!!!! HURTS!!!!! HURTS!!!!!"

Mike ignored her cries of pain. He wanted it to hurt. He broke her hymen as she literally cried.

Her pain turned into a sick pleasure that she couldn't describe. It was just there as he thrust into her repeatedly, fucking her like some cheap whore. Her legs wrapped around him while she scratched her nails on his back. The pain of her scratches only helped to stimulate him as he leaned in to passionately kiss her.

You say you fear I'll change my mind

And I won't require you

Never my love

He saw that she was crying tears of joy and it made him smile.

Jane held his face in her hands and forced him into another kiss as he simultaneously fucked into her harder.

"You're so pretty. Fuck, your short hair is so pretty. You're so pretty. You fucking whore. My whore."

"MR. WHEELER!! I'M CUMMING AGAIN! I'M CUMMING! IM CUMMING- OOOOHHHHH!!!"

How can you think love will end

When I've asked you to spend your whole life

With me

Mike let go and came because of Jane's moans. He dropped all of his weight on her and kissed her jaw before moving down to kiss and suck her neck.

He didn't know how much energy he wasted until he was heavily panting, unable to move.

Never my love

Never my love

Never my love

Never my

My love

Their orgasms perfectly timed with the end of the song. He stayed on top of her as she rubbed his strong back, then he moved down and captured a breast into his mouth and sucked on it, his eyes never leaving hers.

Eventually, he got up. He saw that the condom was covered in blood. He gritted his teeth while taking it off, then found casual clothes to put on.

Jane was afraid to say anything as she found her clothes on the floor and got dressed.

Mike had on a blue shirt and brown khakis. He walked up to her, handing her a briefcase.

"What's this?"

"$1,000,000," Mike said calmly.

She blinked fast, thinking her ears must've stopped working.

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm giving you $1,000,000. It's yours. You earned it."

She grabbed the briefcase from him. It was the same briefcase he had brought in, the same one had all of the money. It only started sinking in that it was real.

"But-"

"I want you to quit your job and move in with me."

"WHAT?! Mr. Wheeler, you're talking crazy…"

"I know you can feel it. I can too."

"Feel what?"

"This spark. You know, when you meet someone and… I … feel it. The spark…"

She couldn't decide. She needed to get out of the mansion since it was turning her into his whore…

"I need to go…"

"Don't act like you don't like me, I know you do. You're still calling

me Mr. Wheeler!"

Jane realized she casually called him Mr. Wheeler and felt embarrassed. She had to leave, she wasn't being herself!

"Thanks for the money, but moving in with you? That's… complicated. I don't know…"

"Think about it. That briefcase is yours. Keep it safe. And there's more where that came from if you live here with me."

Mike put his hands through her short hair, then pecked her on the lips. Once again, she wanted to back away and reject his affection, but she couldn't.

He noticed she wanted to leave as he nodded his head.

"Just don't put all of that in the bank at once like an idiot and make them get suspicious."

"Got it."

"Cool."

"Cool."

"Bye," Jane said.

Mike scratched his back, trying to remain calm even though this could be the last time he ever saw her.

"Bye."

He watched as she drove away with his money and the pain of loneliness returned.

Jane found herself in her apartment that she shared with Max, her redhead roommate. It was relatively small. She thought about Mike and how she passed on living in a mansion with a beautiful man. Instead, she sat on a cheap couch and watched TV on a small screen while Max fooled around with her boyfriend in her room. Lucas, an African American man, had met Max when they were in their teens.

They maintained a somewhat healthy relationship into their 20s, and it made Jane sick. It made her think about Mike more. Max always teased her because of how socially awkward she was with guys. Max had tried taking Jane to parties and introducing her to the football players in high school, but Jane was too scared. Max kept mocking her with subtle comments here and there. They were best friends and it was all in good fun, but Jane got tired of it. She met a man that she'd never meet again, and she wasn't letting her anxiety get the best of her this time. She got up and packed anything that belonged to her. She had two bags filled with clothes among other things. Max still hadn't left her room during the entire time that Jane packed her stuff, irritating Jane even more. Jane decided that she'd write a leaving note for Max.

Dear Max,

Don't worry, I'm not running away. I've packed up all my belongings to move in with this man I met earlier today. He is beautiful, Max. He lives in a mansion and offered me to live with him. I didn't know what to say at first, but now that I've had time to think, I'm going to live with him. I know I sound crazy and maybe I am, but he's unlike any man I've ever met. If you saw his face and body and heard his voice and the way he speaks, you'd understand. Please don't tell Hopp, I'll call you tomorrow so you know I'm okay.

Love, Jane.

P.S. He took my virginity and I think I love him..

2. What's Mine Is Yours

Jane drove for an hour to Mike's house and waited at the gate. No guards were patrolling the area which made her have thoughts of regret. She waited for five minutes and the gate suddenly opened on its own. It had to be Mike. Sure enough, she made it through his driveway and saw Mike standing above the steps that lead into his home. She got out of her car and ran up the steps, but still controlled herself from mauling him.

"You had a change of heart?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Spark?" Jane said, only using one side of her face to smile as her eyes filled with lust.

"Spark."

He attacked her neck with his lips, catching her by surprise. He eventually moved up to her lips and she complied, using her tongue to kiss him back. She felt lost for so long but she finally had someone in her life that made her feel beautiful and unique.

She remembered that she had bags to bring in and pushed him off.

"What?"

"Help me move in? Just two bags…"

"Right. Right."

Mike had a bag in each hand as Jane followed him into the house. As his feet set foot on the mansion floor, he threw the bags carelessly on the ground and pinned Jane against the wall. He viciously unbuttoned her jeans, actually breaking the button as he pushed her jeans down to her ankles, then forced her thong down in the blink of an eye. He fit three fingers through her slit and furiously fingered her pussy.

"MIKE- I MEAN… MR. WHEELER!"

"Call me Mike now, baby."

"Mike.."

She was on the brink of an orgasm unlike any other as his fingers quickly worked on her clit without remorse.

"Cum. Do it. Do it."

And that's all it took for her to release her white fluids on his fingers.

"AHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!"

She was still reacting to her peak when Mike picked her up and held her over his shoulder. He walked upstairs and threw her onto the bed. Before she had time to think he got out of his casual clothes and jumped on top of her, easily sliding his hard cock into her wet pussy. He picked her legs up before bending them down on her shoulders. He assaulted her pussy with each thrust, making her moan his name over and over again.

"Mike! Mike! Mike!"

Her hands roamed behind his back and down to his ass. She gripped each of his ass cheeks as a response to his pounding. He almost exploded right then and there when she slapped his ass like he was the one getting fucked. Instead, he had self-control and giggled before leaning into her lips and kissing them.

"I can give you anything you want. I… can give you everything you need," Mike mumbled while their noses touched.

"All I want is you!" Jane was barely able to say during her moans.

"Oh, baby!"

Mike lost it. He was about to cum inside of her before pulling out and jerking his cock above her face. She saw a few pornos with Max as they jokingly watched and fast-forwarded through them. They skipped to the cumshot and the actresses would always stick out their

tongues, opening their mouths wide, so that's what Jane did. She proudly opened her mouth and had her tongue out, her eyes hypnotized by his cock.

Strings of his cum spurt out onto her, some of it getting in her mouth but the majority of it covered her face. She gulped down the cum she had in her mouth and smiled at him.

Mike passionately kissed her afterward, not minding his cum on her lips. Mike felt different about her, she wasn't just another girl, she was his girl.

He got off of her and they both slept on their side as Mike had an arm over her waist, his softening cock touching her ass cheek while they drifted to sleep.

Jane woke up to find that Mike wasn't there. He must've woken up already. She got up, not bothering to put her clothes on. She used the bathroom and walked around the mansion for several minutes as she looked for Mike.

She opened the door that led into the main lobby of the mansion which connected to all the other areas of the house including the exit. When she walked up to the balcony and looked at the floor below her, she saw Mike and someone else dressed in a suit staring at her.

"Oh! SORRY!!" Jane shouted in embarrassment

She ran back into the room she just left and slammed the door shut.

"Really? When are you gonna stop paying for these whores constantly?" Dustin asked.

Mike sighed, partly because this wasn't the first time Dustin caught him with a girl, and partly because he didn't like him calling her a whore.

"She's not a whore, all right?"

"Whatever you say."

"So the meeting is next week?"

"Yeah. Boss says we can't bring anybody. It's a personal matter within the group."

Mike hated meeting with everyone because it usually meant somebody fucked up big time. Meeting with the boss was always a chore as the boss always had a standard he wanted his men to meet.

"Personal matter? Last time he said that…"

"Yeah. The boss found out Eddie had friends in the government and had to send him away for a permanent vacation…"

"Shit…"

Eddie, a former member of their group, suddenly went missing the day after their meeting. Mike and the rest of them guessed that the boss put him down when he asked Eddie to stay after the meeting was done.

Mike didn't hide the panic he felt. He had just met the girl of his dreams and now he was going to get capped by the boss. Dustin pats him on the shoulder, trying to calm his nerves.

"Relax. That was an anomaly. Most of the time we have these meetings, he's just going over how business is doing. He busts our balls and we're pressured to get more deals done."

"Yeah. Hope you're right."

Mike shook his head as he waved Dustin goodbye before heading upstairs into his room, finding Jane looking comfy under the covers in his bed, watching her SOAPS on his big tv.

"Hey."

"Hey," Jane replied shyly.

"Sorry about that. I'm a morning person. I had a lot of work to catch up on."

She grabbed the remote and turned down the volume to the TV as he sat on the edge of the bed while having his head turned to her. He slowly pulled off the covers, rubbing her leg as he smiled at her.

"What do you do for work?" Jane asked.

"Uh. It's complicated. I hate it. I know a guy. Very powerful guy. I just do errands for him…"

"You're 20?"

"21. I'll be 22 in December."

"Where's your family?"

Mike sighed, shaking his head and looking down at the floor as he continued rubbing her leg.

"It's not something I enjoy talking about, but uh, my family died in a private jet crash, about three years ago."

Jane gasped, feeling sorry for Mike. She sat up, positioning herself beside him as he went silent. She saw the flash of sadness on his face as he let out a depressing sigh. It was hard for Mike to talk about his family. The trauma of losing all of your immediate family isn't something that goes away quickly.

She put her fingers in his hair, softly playing with the strands.

"You poor thing. I'm so sorry for your loss…"

Mike avoided eye contact or else he'd probably cry, but he chuckled at her condolences.

"I'm a lot of things. But one thing's for damn sure, I'm not poor."

Jane was taken aback by his humorous response. She watched Mike stand up and walk to the corner of the room where an expensive dresser was. On the dresser, there sat a family photo taken when he was just a little boy. Nancy, Holly, Karen, and Ted, all smiling as Ted held Mike upon his shoulders. It was some vacation Mike had little memories of because of his age, but he would never forget the image

in front of him.

"After the accident, my friends saw what a miserable piece of shit I was, rightfully so by the way. They forced me into therapy. 5 days a week, at least one hour every session, for two years straight. Then I said fuck it and left. I'm not gonna lie to you, it keeps me awake at night sometimes, but I'm learning to live with it…"

Still naked, she stood up, walking towards him and rubbing his back.

"I'm so sorry, Mike."

"Don't be. Can't change anything now. Could be worse."

Mike turned to her, putting his hands on her hips as he did his signature smirk.

"What about you, Jane? What's your story?"

It felt strange that she let him fuck her two times without telling him more about herself. Since he was so open about his trauma, she felt comfortable being somewhat truthful about her life.

"I'm 22. I lost family, too. I came from a bad place. Bad people, really bad people, took me from my mom and abused me. Then my now foster father saved me and gave me a new life. I… never told anyone this before…"

Mike's presence calmed her. His eyes alone told her everything would be okay. That's why she suddenly confessed her childhood trauma to him. And that's why she leaned into his lips. She let his lips dominate hers, his hands squeezing her ass.

Filled with lust, he threw her on the bed and made her scream.

Jane wanted nothing more than to take his wonderful cock again but she promised to make a phone call.

"Wait. Do you have a phone I can use?"

"Uh. Yeah. Need to make a call?"

"To a friend."

"Yeah. Cool. Wait a sec."

Mike left the room and came back with a cellular phone in hand. He handed it to Jane and she initially didn't know what it was.

"This is a phone?"

"Yeah. You never have seen a cellular phone before?"

"No…"

Mike chuckled.

"It's similar to a normal telephone, you'll get the hang of it. Now I gotta make some important phone calls."

"OK."

He went into his office as she dialed Max's number. Jane didn't know if she would pick up at first since it was still early in the morning and Max could be at work although she often had days off.

Then the ring stopped and her nerves grew.

"Hello?"

"Max. It's me, Jane."

"Jane! Oh my god, that prank you pulled was hilarious!"

"Prank? What Prank?"

Max laughed maniacally over the phone, making Jane feel uncomfortable.

"The letter! That letter was hilarious! Me and Lucas were laughing the entire night!"

"It wasn't a prank…"

Max laughed harder and Jane started to get mad.

"Yeah, you're in a mansion right now with a beautiful guy that took your virginity?! Jane, you can stop the act, I'm gonna die of laughter."

She wanted to punch Max through the phone, her laughter only making her more furious.

"If it was a prank, then where did I go?!"

"You went to stay with Hopper and Joyce, shit, I don't know, but anything sounds more realistic than you living in a fucking mansion."

She couldn't stand it anymore. Jane knew Max was just teasing and cared about her, but she couldn't take being the punching bag anymore.

"You know what. Enjoy your trashy apartment with your trashy boyfriend, you trashy bitch!"

She ended the call with the press of a button, instantly regretting her words that came from anger. She didn't mean it. She liked Lucas and Max, but she had enough of being the shy girl that everyone picked on for their entertainment.

Mike went into his office and sat down in his chair. He grabbed the telephone from his desk and made a phone call to the boss.

They called him the boss because he was the boss. That, and he didn't want his name being thrown out on the phone because he was a secretive man with all the connections. They all knew his name but he'd never let them name him unless he was there in person.

"Hey. Boss?"

"Yeah. It's me."

"We got that thing next Friday?"

"Yeah."

"Just making sure. I heard from Dustin and wanted confirmation."

"Don't worry. Nothing bad. I just miss you guys."

"I find that hard to believe."

"Oh, shut the fuck up, Michael! I love all you guys. Dustin, Steve, William, Billy, and even that annoying shit Troy. I watched all you little fucks grow up."

"Yeah, yeah."

Mike picked up a pen and softly rubbed the bottom part across his desk while talking to the boss. It was a casual conversation that they've had many times.

"Get your shit together. We got big things coming, lots of opportunities for us to grow across the country."

"I'm good, boss. A little skeptical, but you know me, how I always think ahead and shit."

"Yeah. You're a smart kid, the smartest kid I know. You're just like your dad."

Mike chuckled as his door opened and an angry Jane walked into his office, unnecessarily pushing the door shut using all of her strength, making him flinch from the loud sound of the door closing. He got distracted from his conversation on the phone when he laid his eyes on her upset face.

"Mikey? You there? HELLO?!" The boss shouted into his ear.

"Yeah-yeah. I'm here. Sorry, I just got distracted."

"Goddammit Michael, how many times do I have to say it? Stop fucking around with those whores, it's only gonna end badly, my boy."

"I'm not. I'm just a little tired."

Mike paused and studied her, realizing something was wrong which made him eager to get off the phone.

"Look, I'll see ya next week, it's gonna be a hell of a time. Bye, Boss."

"Yeah, you bet. Before ya go, I just wanna remind you to wash your fucking dick, okay? You never know what the conditions of these snatches are."

Mike was glad Jane couldn't hear the boss or else she'd probably freak out.

"I'll be sure to keep that in mind. I gotta go."

"Bye, Michael."

"Bye, boss."

Mike hung up the phone and watched as Jane marched to him, her naked body still surprising him from how amazing she looked.

He scoots his chair back away from the desk, slightly adjusting it so she was standing in front of him as he sat in comfort.

"What's up."

"My stupid fucking friend. She thinks I'm lying."

"Lying about what?"

"Everything. She's just a dumb bitch sometimes but we're friends for life so it sucks! I don't want to be the lame one anymore!"

Jane got on her knees and worked quickly at undoing Mike's belt before she had his pants down to his ankles and his boxers followed.

It happened so fast, he just let her do it. For being new at sex, she sure knew how to stroke his cock as she practices a seductive look, her puppy dog eyes staring into his soul.

"Oh. Fuck. Jane. Yeah. Just like that. Good girl…"

"I am?" She responded so innocently.

Her tongue moved in circles around his tip, her pretty eyes teasing him. She was already too good at this. Mike couldn't take it anymore

and grabbed Jane by the back of her head, forcing his cock in her mouth as he controlled her head movement.

"You ever sucked a dick before?"

"Mmmmmm. No. You're the first."

"Keep fucking sucking then, slut."

She tried her hardest to fit all of him in her mouth but came up inches short as she gagged herself while deepthroating his cock. He had a handful of her hair, pushing her head down so she was forced to deepthroat his long cock.

Mike thrust up into her mouth while also pushing her head down, face fucking Jane so hard that her eyes watered.

He grabbed her chin while burying 7 inches of his cock inside of her mouth. She fully submitted to him, loving being the fucktoy of a billionaire.

"Yeah. Good. Fucking. Slut. You're gonna swallow my cum, okay?"

"Mmmhmmm," Jane said with her mouth filled with his cock.

He usually didn't finish so early but she had that effect on him. He was so weak for her, the innocence and naivety pushing him over the edge as he unloaded in her mouth.

"Fuuuuuuuuckkkkk. Yeahhhhhhhhh."

Jane greedily swallowed his load, proving to be a good slut for Mike. Mike leaned back in his chair and looked up to the ceiling to breath.

He felt a sensation and looked down to see her cleaning his cock with her tongue and mouth before kissing the tip a couple of times as a show of respect.

She saw Mike's exhausted face and giggled.

"You okay?" Jane asked, casually pulling his boxers and pants up and buckling his belt like she was his servant.

"You are definitely not the lame one. Come here."

He picked her up, sitting her on his lap and kissing her lips. He gave playful slaps to each ass cheek multiple times which gave her the giggles.

"You are something else, you know that?" Mike said truthfully, his stupid smile and heart-eyes making her blush.

"Oh really? I'm just a boring, poor, and ugly girl."

"Bullshit. You're the most exciting person I've met. You're so hot, so fucking hot. And you ain't poor no more as long as you're with me. I got you covered. What's mine is yours."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

He kissed her neck as she moved her hands through his hair. She waited for the dream to be over because there was no way she thought this was real.

Then the phone rang. She heard him sigh in annoyance before reaching over her shoulder and answering the phone.

"Hello."

"Yeah, Mike. Wanna get some beers tonight? Maybe some coke and whores if you're up for it? Huh? Huh?"

Mike rolled his eyes in the back of his head when he realized it was Steve.

"Yeah. Anyone else gonna be there?"

"Just the boys. We're trying to get really fucked up."

"I guess I'm in."

"Sweeet. See ya at 8:00, same place as usual."

Steve immediately hung up. Mike put the phone down and pecked

Jane on the lips before lightly pushing her off him as they both stood up.

"What was that about?"

"Just a friend. Gonna meet him at his place."

"Can I come?"

"It's more of a guy thing."

"Oh."

He walked behind her and kissed the back of her neck as his hands massaged her shoulders.

"I love seeing you naked and all but I have people coming in and out of here. You need to get proper clothes now that you're rich."

"Proper clothes?"

"Yeah. I can have a guy drive you in a limo to this fancy place and another guy in the store with ya handling the money. Whaddya say?"

She wanted to squeal with excitement but didn't want to embarrass herself in front of him.

"Sounds great!"

"Excellent."

"Oh. Can I bring a friend with me?"

"You mean the bitchy friend?" Mike joked.

Jane giggled. It seemed like she laughed and giggled at everything he said.

"Yeah. I wanna show her how wrong she is."

"You have my permission," Mike said before diving into her lips once more and slapped her ass hard.

She bit her lip at his confidence, his lifestyle, his dominating ways.

"But first, you're gonna need a shower because you smell like my dick."